A POEM

UPON

His Highneſs the Prince of *Orange's* Expedition into *England.*

By *J. D.*

Nunc gratæ ſiquando Mihi, nunc ludite Muſæ.

I Never thought to ſee the well got Fame,
Could my Plaindealing-Muſe provoke to Praiſe;
Or that a Man's Deſerts ſhould place His Name
Above the reach of Flattery to raiſe:

[2]

And yet His Character moſt beauteous ſhows,
Writ by the moſt ſevere Philoſophers,
And naked Truth by his Aſſiſtance grows
Now firſt, a Subject high enough for Verſe.

[3]

What the beſt Fawning Poets of the Age,
Falſly aſcrib'd to others, is his Due:
Too ſoon they did their Flattery engage,
Had it been kept till now, it had been true.

[4]

You that would Heroes write, and yet write Senſe,
Judiciouſly obſerve this Great Good Man:
He'll teach you more and juſter Excellence,
Then paſt Examples, or Invention Can.

[5]

(Though Painters from Licentious Fancy take
Monſters and Bulky Gyants at command;
Yet when a perfect Beauty they would make,
They copy the beſt Works of Nature's Hand)

B 197 (8)

[6]

He'll ſhow you mighty Power little us'd,
Yet Vaſt Affairs by his Direction move;
Holland with name of Liberty abus'd,
While Rul'd by Him with moſt Tyrannick Love.

[7]

Riches well ſpent in Great and Virtuous Deeds;
A Life from Pride and Luxury more free
Than Rigid *Anchorets* Affected Weeds,
Or all the Sons of *Rome* ſworn Poverty.

[8]

Religious Wiſdom's pure diffuſive Beams,
That like the Sun ſhine moſt for others Good:
Worth joyn'd with ſuch Humility, it ſeems
The only thing by Him not underſtood.

[9]

Juſtice as ſure and equal as the Grave,
His Character, this ſide alone is blind:
Men He ſo well diſcerns, one would believe
He could their Thoughts by Intuition find.

[10]

Mercy ſo great, ſo much without a Cauſe,
It almoſt looks like want of Memory;
And did He not ſubmit it to the Laws,
By conſequence would turn to Cruelty.

[11]

Græcian and *Roman* Grandeur in Him meet,
He ſcorns Barbarian *Aſiatick* State:
Chuſes to be ſo, rather than look Great,
Virtue within, than Princes at His Gate.

[12]

Cool Courage never heard before 'tis ſeen,
As his deep Councils firſt in Fact appear;
So wond'rous Swift has our Deliv'rance been,
We ſcarce had time to Hope, nor *Rome* to Fear.

[13]

With Curſes as She came our Land to load,
She ſaw the Riches and the Promis'd Pay;
But not ſo ſoon as the dull Aſs † She rode
The Mighty Guardian Angel in the way.

† The ſame that lent the Lyon his Tail, to help him out of the pit. See the Fable.

[14]

The ſullen Beaſt ſtood ſtill, nor valu'd * Blows,
But Bravely he reſolv'd to do no more:
Both ſaw and ſpoke the Danger at his Noſe,
The Brute ne're ſhow'd his Parts ſo much before.

* High Comiſſion Court, turning out of Commiſſion, Liberty of Conſcience, Indictments, *&c.*

[15]

[15]

What the lewd Councels of State-ſpoiling Knaves,
The Induſtry of ſelf-deſtroying Fools,
United Kings, Prieſts-Heads, and Hands of Slaves,
With all inferiour neceſſary Tools.

[16]

What Breach of Laws and Faith, a well-tim'd Plot,
(That baſe Pretence for uſeful Cruelty,)
Rebellion ſent for, the wiſh'd * Victim got, * The D. of *M.*
A Gown that taught, or Sword forc'd Slavery.

[17]

What all theſe (help'd by ſelf-betraying Fears,
And grown reſiſtleſs by our ſtrong Deſpair,)
Had ſcarcely form'd in many tedious Years,
How ſoon He broke and ſcatter'd into Air?

[18]

When noxious Inſects cover'd all our Land,
And the King's Palace leaſt of all was free,
A ſearching Wind aroſe at his Command,
That ſwept them in, or elſe beyond the Sea.

[19]

Religion lifts her long dejected Head,
Kill'd Laws revive, and Love depoſeth Fear:
So when all Nature's in appearance dead,
The Sun recalls the Beauties of the Year.

[20]

Minding no Ends, but God and Nature's Cauſe,
Calm, and Reſolv'd, He utmoſt hazard runs;
But Triumph hates and Popular Applauſe,
And more the Honour than the danger ſhuns.

[21]

Though Fortune Crown his Actions with Succeſs,
To Us, not him are all her Favours ſhown;
In vain does ſhe attempt the Man to bleſs;
Who makes all other Wrongs ſo much his own.

[22]

His Altars all unjuſtly-wretched chooſe,
To his vaſt Goodneſs as the Ocean Flow,
Where Floods of Tears and Miſeries they looſe,
Remember not the paſt, nor Future know.

[23]

He owns, and all his publick Acts evince,
Empires true ends by him are underſtood,
Not the Wild Luſt and Pleaſure of the Prince;
But pure Religion and the Peoples good.

Spain

[24]

Spain his Old Enemy does now confeſs,
To him ſhe ill-deſerved ſafety ows;
Sings unfeign'd Praiſes for his Arms Succeſs,
And Zealous for the Reformation grows.

[25]

Now *France* that Scourge of God has taught the Age,
Our Hero it's true Intereſt to know,
He checks the haughty Monſieur's ſwelling Rage;
Juſt hither and no farther ſhalt thou go.

[26]

In vain did wiſeſt *Belgian* States-men try,
Without Him to ſupport their tott'ring States;
That Deed was Prælude to a Work more high,
Now the ſame Artiſt's hand all *Europe* waits.

[27]

The two great Rival *Navies* by him join'd,
Their Canvas Wings the Globe ſhall ſpread around;
Heap Wealth from ev'ry Tributary Wind,
Awe the whole Earth, make wideſt Seas their SOUND.

[28]

Our *Britiſh* Lyons, now they Him obey,
Once more ſhall ſtalk through *France* with Furious ſtate:
While led with Hopes to ſhare the noble Prey,
Hungry Imperial Eagles on 'em wait.

[29]

Who don't confeſs him KING, although he hath
Such Works, ſuch Proofs of deſtin'd Empire ſeen;
To ſtrength of Education owes His Faith,
Had He ſeen *Chriſt*, h'ad not a Chriſtian been.

[30]

What ſhall we do, or how ſhall we contrive,
To Him but Common Gratitude to ſhew?
When, though we both our ſelves and Kingdoms give,
That and much more's our Intereſt to do.

[31]

His Vertue is its own and beſt Reward,
So helps the weak Attempts of grateful Minds;
As when Man's willing, but the Task's too hard,
He ſupernatural Aſſiſtance finds.

LONDON,
Printed for *G. C.* and Publiſhed by *R. Baldwin*, near the *Black Bull* in the *Old Baily*, 1689.